If euer he haue wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards Chertsey with your holy load
Taken from Paules to be interred there:
And still as you are awearie of the waight,
Rest you whiles I lament King Henries coarse.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Stay you that bear the corse, & set it down.
La. What blacke magitian coniures vp this fiend
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villaine, set downe the coarse, or by S. Paul,
Ile make a coarse of him that disobeyes.
Gen. My L. stand backe and let the coffin passe.
Glo. Vnmanered dog, stand thou when I command,
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my breast,
Or by Saint Paule Ile strike thee to my foote,
And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.
La. What do you tremble, are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the diuel.
Auant thou dreadfull minister of hell,
Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall bodie,
His soule thou canst not haue, therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweet Saint, for charitie, be not so curst.
La. Foule diuell, for Gods sake hence and trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell:
Fild it with cursing cryes, and deepe exclaimes.
If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen see, see dead Henries wounds,
Open their congeald mouths and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lumpe of foule deformitie,
For tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and emptie veynes where no blood dwels.
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deludge most vnnaturall.
Oh God, which this blood madest, reuenge his death:
Oh earth which this blood drinkst, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning strike the murtherer dead,

Or earth gape open wide, a
As thou doest swallow vp t
Which his Hel-gouernd ar
Glo. Ladie, you know no
Which renders good for ba
La. Villaine, thou knows
No beast so fierce, but kno
Glo. But I know none, a
La. Oh wonderfull wher
Glo. More wonderfull w
Vouchsafe diuine perfectio
Of these supposed euils to g
By circumstance but to acq
La. Vouchsafe defused i
For these knowne euils but
By circumstance to curse th
Glo. Fairer then tongue
Some patient leisure to exc
La. Fouler then heart ca
No excuse currant, but to
Glo. By such dispaire I sh
La. And by dispairing sh
For doing worthy vengean
Which didst vnworthy slau
Glo. Say that I slew them
La. Why then they are n
But dead they are, and diu
Glo. I did not kill your husb
La. Why then he is aliue.
Glo. Nay, he is dead and
La. In thy foule throat th
Thy bloodly faulchion sm
The which thou once didst
But that thy brother beat a
Glo. I was prouoked by h
Which laid their guilt upo
La. Thou wast prouoke
Which neuer dreamt on ou
Didst thou not kill this king